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Josiah Kenniv, Senior Voice Recital

Josiah Kenniv

Cedarville University, josiakhenniv@cedarville.edu

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

JOSIAH KENNIV

SARAH INGRAM
PIANO

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 2018
2 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Gelobet sei Gott, gelobet sein Name from FREUE DICH, ERLÖSTE SCHAR, BWV 30
..... J. S. Bach (1685–1750)
Assisted by Stephen White, cello

II

Di provenza il mar from LA TRAVIATA Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
Non siate ritrosi from COSI FAN TUTTE Wolfgang Mozart (1756–1791)

III

Selections from KINDERTOTENLIEDER Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)
Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n
Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
Wenn dein Mütterlein
Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen

IV

Chanson d'amour Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
L'éternité Lee Hoiby (1926–2011)
Bleuet Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

V

Selections from DEAR EVAN HANSEN
..... Benj Pasek (b. 1985) and Justin Paul (b. 1985)
Waving Through a Window
For Forever
Assisted by Joe Morris, bass; Jake Kenniv, drums

Josiah is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Arts in music degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

Translations

Gelobet sei Gott, gelobet sein Name

Praised be God, praised be His name,
who faithfully kept His promise and oath!
His loyal servant is born,
who was chosen long since for this,
to prepare the way of the Lord.

emmanuelmusic.org/notes_translations/translations_cantata/t_bwv030.htm

Di provenza il mar il suol

What has vanished from your heart
The dear sea and soil of Provence?
What has dimmed from your eyes
The bright sunshine of your native country?
Even in sorrow,
Remember you were happy there,
There alone can peace
Shine on you again.
It was God who brought me here!
You do not know

What pain your old father has suffered!
With you away
His home has been desolate indeed.
But if in finding you again
My hopes are not in vain,
If the voice of honor
Is not silent for you,
God has heard me!

opera-arias.com/verdi/la-traviata/di-provenza-il-mar-il-suol/

Non siate ritrosi

Dear beguiling eyes;
Let two loving lightning flashes
Strike for a moment here.
Make us happy,
And love with us;
And we will make you in return
The happiest of women.
Look at us,
Touch us,
Take stock of us:
We're crazy but we're charming,
We're strong and well made,
And as anyone can see,
Whether by merit or by chance,
We've good feet,
Good eyes, good noses.
Look, good feet; note, good eyes;
Touch, good noses; take stock of us;

And these moustaches
Could be called
Manly triumphs,
The plumage of love.

opera-arias.com/mozart/cosi-fan-tutte/non-siate-ritrosi/

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n

Now the sun will rise as brightly
as if no misfortune had occurred in the night.
The misfortune has fallen on me alone.
The sun - it shines for everyone.

You must not keep the night inside you;
you must immerse it in eternal light.
A little light has been extinguished in my household;
Light of joy in the world, be welcome.

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=14051

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Now I see well why with such dark flames
your eyes sparkled so often.
O eyes, it was as if in one full glance
you could concentrate your entire power.

Yet I did not realize - because mists floated
about me,
woven by blinding fate -
that this beam of light was ready to be sent
home
to that place whence all beams come.

You would have told me with your brilliance:
we would gladly have stayed near you!
But it is refused by Fate.

Just look at us, for soon we will be far!
What to you are only eyes in these days -
in future nights shall be stars to us.

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=14053

Continued on back

Wenn dein Mütterlein

When your mother
steps into the doorway
and I turn my head
to see her,
my gaze does not alight
first on her face,
but on the place
nearer to the threshold;
there, where
your dear face would be
when you would step in
with bright joy,
as you used to, my little daughter.

When your mother steps
into the doorway
with the gleam of a candle,
it always seems to me as if
you came in as well,
slipping in behind her,
just as you used to come into the room!
O you, a father's cell,
alas! too quickly
you extinguish the gleam of joy!

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen

Often I think that they have only stepped out
and that soon they will reach home again.
The day is fair - O don't be afraid -
They are only taking a long walk.

Yes: they have only stepped out
and will now return home.
O don't be anxious - the day is fair.
They are only taking a walk to those hills.

They have simply gone on ahead:
they will not wish to return home.
We'll catch up to them on those hills.
In the sunshine the day is fair.

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=14057

Chanson d'amour

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
oh my rebellious and fierce one.
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
on which my kisses will tire themselves out.

I love your voice, I love the strange
gracefulness of everything you say,
oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,
my hell and my paradise!

I love all that makes you beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
you to whom my hopeful pleas ascend,
oh my fierce and rebellious one!

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=15013

L'éternité

It has been found again. What? - Eternity.
It is the sea gone with the sun.
Sentinel soul, let us murmur our avowal
that the night is full of nothingness, and
the day on fire.

thedancingrest.com/2015/10/10/poem-of-the-day-leternite-eternity-by-arthur-rimbaud/

Bleuet

Young man of twenty, who has seen such
horrible things,
what do you think about the men of your
childhood?
You know bravery and cunning.
You've seen death face to face more than a
hundred times
and you don't know what life is.
Pass on your boldness to those who come
after you.
Young man, you are joyful but your
memory is bloody.
Your soul is stained red with joy.
You have absorbed the life of those who
died beside you.
You are decisive.
It's five o'clock in the afternoon and you
will know how to die,
if not better than your elders,
at least more piously
because you know death better than life.
Ah, sweetness of the past, immemorial
slowness.